



ON THE LOVE OF JESUS

O my dear Je us, how late have I know thee,
My treasons deprav'd me and bereft me o' sight,
I wander'd thorough places most heinous, abjur'g
The rules of salvation and the maxims of light,
 And if I could from my sins bewail,
 And truly repent and spend my days,
 In loving thee and be sinceo,
 To praise thee and adore,
Now, my sweet Saviour, receive and renew me.
Through thp mercy and graces, w th zeal I im; l ra,
Who but a traitor could forsake and disown thee,
If he considered daily how dearly he was bought?
In thy painful agony that tortur'd thee extremely!
When sorrow did seize thee, and really then brought,
 Thy precious blood through every pore,
 Of thy tender body so smart by force,
 And trickling down in clotted gore,
 On the ground to be seen,
In streams then congealing and thou bathed all over,
In thy purple raiment which vent'd then the green,
Now I'll trace thee, my Jesus through the stages succeeding,
And ponder still serious how great was thy love,
For those that disown thee, and look so di dainful,
On thy sufferings painful, though pleasing above,
 Oul what heart so hard in vice,
 Could not but feel for thee when tied'
 And dragg'd along like a lamb so mild,
 To be slaughtered by those,
Who seiz'd thee in the garde; and haul'd thee so hasty,
To Annas and Caiphas, their charge to diso se,
There thou wert abus'd and cruelly maltreated,
After scoffing thee inhumanly and mauling thy face,
From thence removed thee to Pilate and Herod,
Shouting without ceasing, nor pitying thy case,
 No tongue could e'er ex res,
 The excessive pains which thee oppress'e;
 When thou wast bound to a pillar fast,
 By thy tyrannic foes,
And those miscreants so hateful beating thee without reytieve,
Till they cut thee sevely, they flayed thee so close,
All you lovers of Jesus, I pray now behold him,
Wit his purple blood streaming from his new naked sores,
His body quite weary and rally exhausted,
They loosed him then scornfully to draw again his gores,
 Then they pressed on his head a wreath,
 Of sharp long thorns that caused much pains
 And fix'd in his bands a rod or cane,
 In his face then they spewed,
The'r phlegm, woich so basely destraped all his beauty,
And yet to salute him they rudely then bowed,
After disgorging their thick phlegms so nauseous,
In the face of my darling, they all then agreed,
To nail him most barbarons on a long tree with scorn,
And then to exalt him his heart's blood to bleed;
 That hard weed they did procure
 Which he did bear on his painful wounds,
 To Calvary's Mount, and he in swoon,
 Falling on the roads,
And those tigers still tearing and bending him with clubs and p'kes
And piercing him severely with sharp-pointed goads,
When his journey was over, in this doleful situation,
They fastened him with gross nails to the load he did bear,
And rais'd him with ropes as a show to spectator
And he for those, slying him offering his prayers,
 They pierc'd his heart with a lance by force,
 And made in his side so wide a wound,
 That his precious blood then gushed in gores,
 To save and restore,
Those creatures who forsake him for vain things which deceive,
Now, dear Jesus, receive me; I'll forsake thee no more,